

# VACATION LETTERS.

By Roy L. McCardell.

From Percy at the Seaside to Harold in the Gents' Furnishing Department.

Dear Harold:  
**S**ORRY you intend going to Atlantic City instead of coming down here. This is the finest place in the world! Bully sea bathing, fine walks, good eating, sailing on the Great South Bay, and there are a whole lot of girls, mostly from Brooklyn, and Brooklyn girls are always the best pick of peaches!

In the evenings there are card parties and dancing. I wish you were having the good time I am having. When I think of you in the stuffy old store this hot weather I pity you. And fancy going to Atlantic City! What fun can a fellow have at Atlantic City in all those crowds, walking up and down the board walk and bumping into a lot of excursionists?

This is the place, old man! You bet I am coming down here every year.

One bathing and sailing over the South Bay to the beach every morning. There are no distractions here, no temptations and no place to spend any money. I'll bet you come back broke from Atlantic City.

And this reminds me, PLEASE SEND ME \$20. I sat in a little game in a fellow's room last night, and the way the cards ran against me was a caution! New don't give me any more about this. Send the money, because I'm in down for my last week's board.

You would have played too. I was so lonely, and I had a few little mishaps besides.

The first day here I slept so late I missed my breakfast and the boat. A fellow offered to sail me over, but it was a bum sailor and he upset the boat.

He blames me for it, but it was his fault. He hollered to me to "let go the sheet!"

There wasn't any sheet in the boat. There wasn't even a cot or a blanket on it. As I afterward told him, if he meant that piece of rope that held the sail why didn't he say so?

We were picked up three hours later, and the mosquitoes had nearly eaten me up, and my shoes were ruined and my new blue suit turned green, and my hands were all torn from holding on to the bottom of the boat, which was covered with nails and jagged copper.

The next day I went over to the surf with the crowd and cut my foot on a clam-shell so bad that I couldn't walk on it since. I was laid up a week with it, but managed to hobble out, and as I couldn't go in the water I lay on the beach in a bathing suit and got so sunburned that I blistered so terribly that I had to be bandaged up and haven't been able to swim.

Of course my sore foot and blistered arms kept me from dancing or walking out with the girls, and I had to sit on the beach with a lot of old maids and sour-faced mammas, and all they could talk of was the Thaw case.

I left New York to get away from that. My arms were so sore I could not play euchre even, and when finally I did get well enough to flip the cards I got roped into this poker game and got skinned a-plenty.

I forgot to tell you that ribs and green corn do not agree with me, but I was fool enough to eat both the first day I came down, and I got the Asiatic cholera. I think because I have suffered so since. I am only sorry I didn't die.

I haven't been allowed to eat anything but weak tea and crackers by the doctor.

I will pack up and come home as soon as you send me the \$20.

Now don't be foolish, old man. Don't go to Atlantic City. This is the place to have a real good time. Your chum,

PERCY

THE MERE MAN—Do you know it's been at least three months since you've had a photograph taken? What has come over the spirit of your dream?

THE Scribe—I was thinking about that this morning. I suppose we both read about the new fad for eyeographs.

THE MERE MAN—What's an eyeograph?

THE Scribe—A photograph of the eye exclusive of conspicuous prominences.

THE SWEET YOUNG THING (properly impressed)—Oh-h! but I'm in earnest.

THE Scribe—Why, it's just a photographic application of the old principle of an eye for an eye. You exchange eye photographs with all your friends and put the results in an album.

THE MERE MAN—It might be interesting if an eye told anything. But a well-trained eye doesn't.

Words were given us that we might disclose our thoughts, said Tallyrand; eyes to women that they might conceal their feelings or pretend to those they haven't got.

THE Scribe—Really. Is it as bad as all that? I wonder, if the thoughts behind our eyes could be photographed at this minute, what the result would be?

THE SWEET YOUNG THING (very decidedly)—Mine would be a great big "I" in the middle and a whole colony of little "I's" around. Why doesn't somebody leave me a million dollars?

THE Scribe—I don't think I'd want anything quite so commonplace.

THE MERE MAN—Nor I. Every American girl has a "I" in her eye if you look for it carefully enough.

THE Scribe—That isn't so. I haven't.

THE MERE MAN—Oh, we know what you have in your eye and pathetically gazed on your heart like the word Calais on Bloody Mary's.

THE Scribe—(dramatically)—On my heart! How feeble! Do you know how many million corpses there are in the human body? Well, it's on every one of them—"name on every place!"

THE SWEET YOUNG THING—I'd feel as if I had alphabet soup in my veins instead of blood if I were you—you know the kind that you try to spell out names with and the soup gets cold!

THE MERE MAN (with exaggerated enjoyment)—Ha! Ha! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh! I'm glad something amuses you.

THE Scribe—Well, I'm glad something amuses you.

THE SWEET YOUNG THING (travelling to the other side)—I don't see what you're laughing at, I'm sure.

THE MERE MAN (disingenuously)—I'm wondering what my eyeograph would reveal if taken at this moment.

THE SWEET YOUNG THING—I know. A tall glass with a lot of cracked ice and some lemonade and—(singing).

THE MERE MAN—Miss Evelyn, your intuition is simply marvellous! (Exit the Sweet Young Thing on hospitable thoughts intent.)

THE Scribe—You know there is a girl in Paris that's been a great deal written about, because in the iris of one of her eyes she has the mark "I" b.

THE MERE MAN—Two beers? You mean a girl in Munich.

THE Scribe—That's a scientific fact, not intended to be funny.

THE MERE MAN—The funniest facts never are you, for instance. (The telephone bell rings.)

THE Scribe—Excuse me. (At the telephone) Hello! No, indeed. I wasn't a bit tired (very truly). I'm awfully sorry I can't. There is—I've that is I have to stay at home this evening. To-morrow? Why, I have an engagement. But never mind. I'll cut that. What time will you come for me? All right! (Good-bye.)

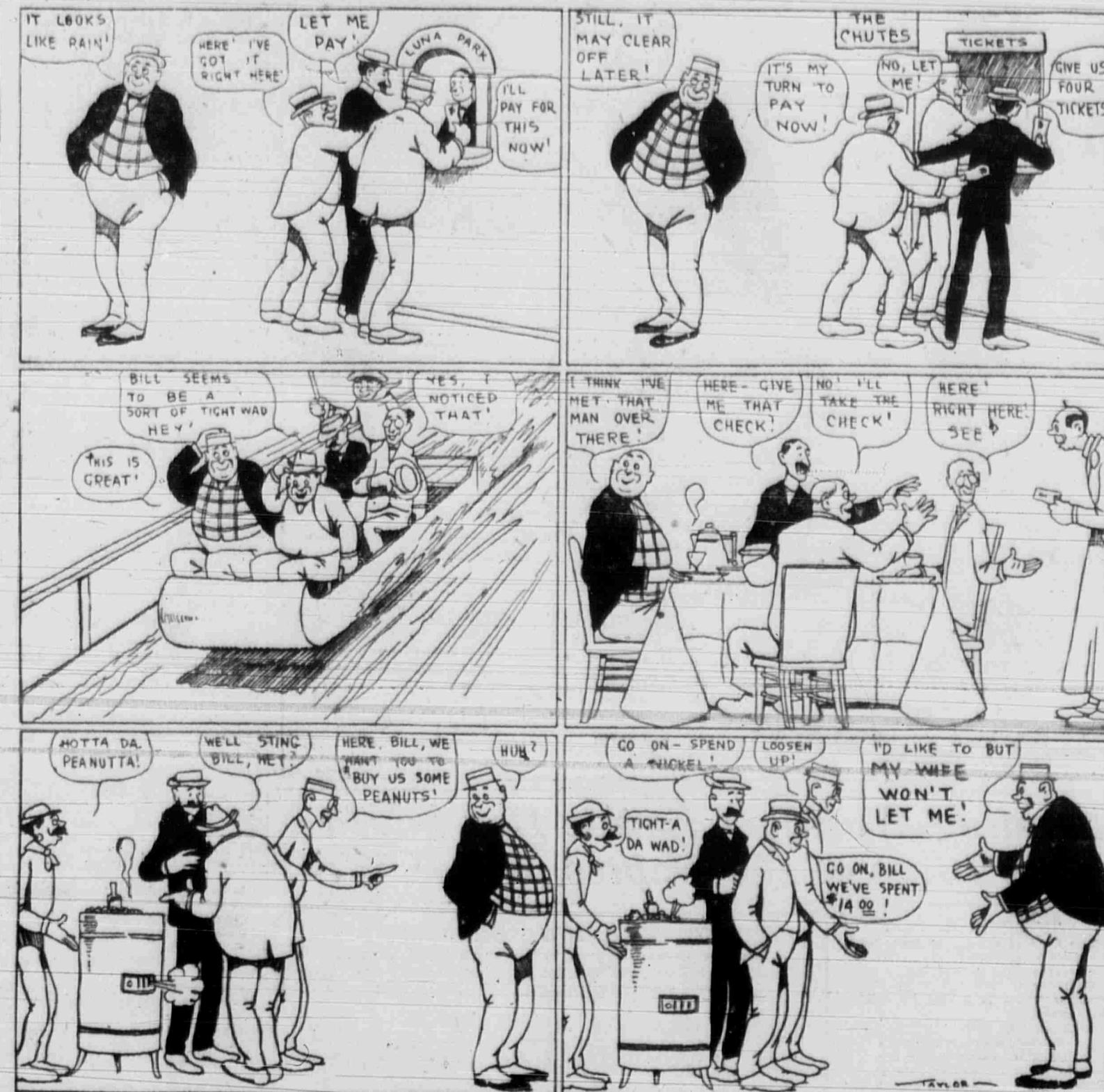
THE MERE MAN—I'd like to have an eyeograph of you now (sentimentally). What must it feel like to bring such radiance to a woman's face?

THE Scribe—Radiance? Nonsense. I always smile when I'm at the telephone. Besides, she's an awfully nice girl.

THE MERE MAN (travelling)—She'll!

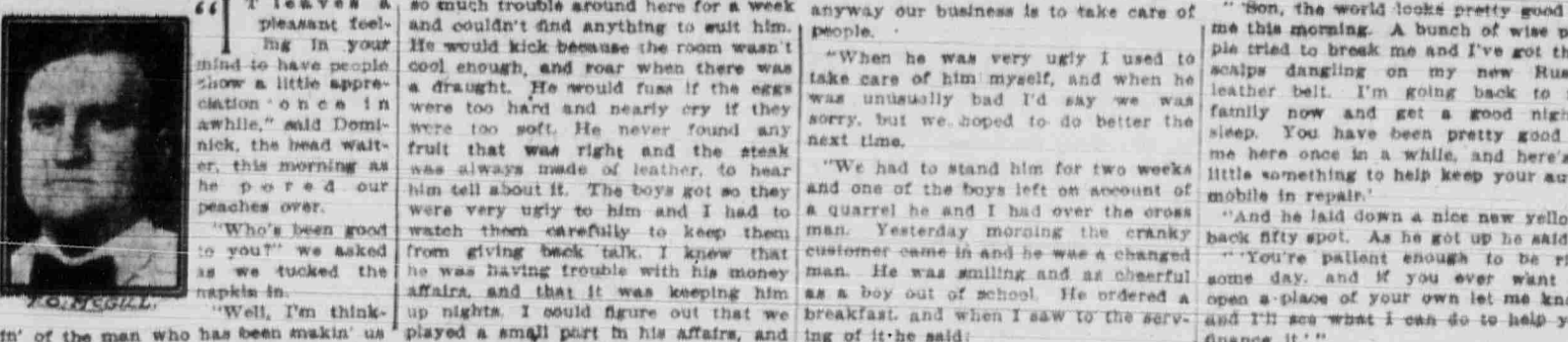
# "My Wife Won't Let Me!"

By R. W. Taylor



# Dominick, the Head Waiter.

By T. O. McGill



# THE 'JOLLY' GIRLS—THEY Win! By George McManus



# BETTY VINCENT'S

## ADVICE TO LOVERS

**TO COMMAND MEN'S RESPECT.**  
**G**IRLS, whatever you do, don't make yourselves "cheap." Don't be "easy." There is no real, true love coming to the girl who cannot command the respect of the men she knows.

The girls who allow their numerous admirers to kiss them and make ardent love to them don't seem to think that those boys get together and compare notes and make comments that ought to cause ear-burnings.

Not all the boys, I am glad to say, will do this. But most of them are only too glad to tell all about it. Each one knows that a girl who is "easy" for him is probably "easy" for the rest of the bunch.

The news will travel around just as rapidly that a girl is all right and can't be made a fool of as it will that anybody can kiss her who wants to. You can use your own judgment with regard to which girl the boys prefer to be seen with.

Every time the spooning goes on, just keep in mind you are lowering the value of your stock just that much, and if you still like it at that price, why, go ahead.

The girls who are picked out to be the wives of the very boys who have done the spooning are not the girls they did the spooning with. It may be surprising to see how the different boys act and all that sort of thing, but it is expensive.

Think it over and see what you decide about it yourselves.

Wants to Marry Her.

Dear Betty:  
 I LOVE a young lady and I would like to marry her—I have no money saved at present, but I make on an average \$60 a month. Would like to have your advice as to what to do in this case.

S. L. V.  
 Tell her about it and ask her what she thinks. If she can get along on that much, marry her.

A "Cool" Girl.

Dear Betty:  
 I AM in love with a young lady, and I have reason to think that she cares something for me. What you advise me to do is to wait until I can speak to her. It is in such an offhand manner, just as if I had a great nerve to speak to her. I have known her for about a year, and her manner has never changed toward me. She always seems to take a great deal of interest in other young fellows when I am around, but I am told it is entirely different when I am away. If I hap-

pen to look anyway angry she calls me a peach. Do you think she really loves me? A PERPLEXED ONE.  
 It doesn't look as if she loves you, but perhaps that is her way of showing it. Why don't you ask her?

A Sentimental Boy.

Dear Betty:  
 I AM in love with a young man. He always says to me, "Oh, love, if we were only married!" What do you think is proper for me to answer him? The answer depends on your feelings. If you think so too, say it.

She Is Deeply in Love.

Dear Betty:  
 I AM deeply in love with a young man. I would like very much to know if this young man returns the affection. He has never asked to call. There is another young man who is constantly telling me of his love, but it is not returned. What I don't like about this young man is that he is always reminding the former one.

PUZZLED.  
 The answer depends on your feelings. If you think so too, say it.

The other one is very rude to ridicule his friend.

NEW YORK THROUGH

FUNNY GLASSES

By Irvin S. Cobb

THE man who actually resides on Lobster Island is seldom enthusiastic regarding the place where he goes when the bars close up. Whether it's a flat where he's miserable by himself, or a boarding-house where he's miserable in company, or a hotel where he's miserable both ways, he generally looks on his domicile with the same feeling of deep sentiment and being regarded as a communal property.

When he remembers a house because of the mean neighbors, or the man who smokes the hair-shirt, or the rat that crawled up in the wall and became too de- ceased for any earthly use. This is the town where "Home, Sweet Home" has been superseded by that more modern and fitting ballad, "Watchers Go to Do When the Rent Comes Round."

But it's very otherwise when you become one of those larvae known as commuters with a book of tickets and fifteen minutes to catch the last train. Just as soon as you've had the disconcerting long enough to make running motions in your sleep every time you dream of hearing a locomotive whistle you are qualified to begin passing out the calorie hydrogen in regard to your particular little de- tached heaven. You always brag about it; it's one of the unfailing symptoms of living forty-five minutes from Broadway—providing the cars run. You'd make a dandy circulating advertisement for the general real estate business, only you always have a harsh and a cutting slur for every other suburb except the one where you dry out your own goliathes of an evening.

When you lived in a flat you wouldn't sew a button on the pantry door un- less the agent stood for the bill, but once the commuting bacillus gets into your system you start in blowing it for improving property that you don't own and never use as long as a round of drinks costs as much as it does. Possibly by nature you are such a conservative spender that had you been an ostrich you would say a bluebird's egg. It makes no difference now. Judge Tightwad and Col. Loose Change are in the same class of plungers when it comes to playing this game.

We meet you riding in a day coach with a garden hose and a set of wire screens and seven sharp-cornered bundles in your lap. Also you are wearing rubber hipboots on account of a slight amount of moisture still standing on your lower as a result of the last rain. We make so bold as to inquire if you are now living at Miamia Villa, N. Y.

"Not in a million years," you reply scornfully. "Why, that hole's chockful of malaria. Now at Quindade, where I live, we don't have any malaria, mere ly a few chills and a touch of fever now and then."

"But no malaria! And no mosquitoes—there is, we only have them at certain seasons. I never saw a single mosquito there all last winter, and we only notice 'em in summer when the wind is off shore or blowing in from the sea. Even then they don't bite like those Miamia Villa mosquitoes do. They seem to bite gentler, somehow. Honest, I got so I like to feel 'em biting on me. Same as a tonic. Little old Quindade for me!"

And the next thing we hear you have moved to Miamia Villa and have naught but cruel words for all the others.

THE FUNNY PART:

You nearly always wind up by sneaking back to dear, suffocated Manhattan.

May Manton's Daily Fashions

EVERY variation of the plaited skirt is in vogue, and fresh ones are constantly appearing. Here is one that allows of a rather elaborate use of trimming, although the last is by no means obligatory, as a plain finish can be substituted whenever liked. In this case amber brown taffeta is stitched with beading silk and combined with lace that is dyed in matching color, but the panels above the plaits can be of the material simply trimmed with some little braid; or, again, if the skirt be cut from linen and the like, they can be made from all-over embroidery, while the medallions are entirely optional. Silk, wool, linen and cotton materials all are appropriate, the design suiting very nearly everything that is seasonable and fashionable.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 11-1/4 yards 27, 10 yards 44, or 1-1/2 yards 28 inches wide, if material has figure or nap; 1-1/2 yards 44 inches wide if it has not.

Pattern 5418 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch waist measure.

How to Obtain These Patterns

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MAN- TON FASHION BUREAU, No. 2 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

# HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

To Whiten the Hands.

**F**ERILITY.—The oatmeal is softening and somewhat bleaching to the hands. It must, however, be boiled an hour, and then strained and the hands washed in the liquid. It is not as practicable for daily use, as it easily sours and must be made fresh each day. Washing soda is certainly useful for the hair, as it is so often adulterated with com- mon lime, which would be far too harsh for the delicate hair. A few grains of refined borax in the rinsing water would not be harmful and would tend to lighten the hair.

To Keep the Hair Light.

**M.**—Rinse the hair after thoroughly washing it in half water and half peroxide. This will make no con- siderable change, but will tend to lighten it.

Correct Weight.

**A**SPERING.—If as you say you are 5 feet 8 inches tall your weight should be 140 pounds.

Pimples and Red Spots.

**T.**—M. G.—Apply this cream for the pimples, using it only on the af- fected spots. The red spots are no doubt due to the eruption and will fade out with the cure: Iodoline, 5 grams; sweet almond oil, 5 grams; sul- phur precipitate, 5 grams; oxide of zinc, 2-1/2 grams; extract of violet, 10 drops. Apply a very little of the cream to each pimple. Wait until the pimples are cured before using the face brush, which might irritate them.